The Exploits of Elaine

A Detective Novel and a Motion Picture Drama

By ARTHUR B. REEVE

The Well-Known Novelist and the Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" Stories

Presented in Collaboration With the Pathe Players and the Eclectic Film Company

Copyright, 1914, by the Star Company All Foreign Rights Reserved

SYNOPSIS.

The New York police are mystified by a series of murders and other crimes. The principal clue to the criminal is the warnprincipal clue to the criminal is the warning letter which is sent the victims, signed with a "clutching hand." The latest victim of the mysterious assassin is Taylor Dodge, the insurance president. His daughter, Elaine, employs Craig Kennedy, the famous scientific detective, to try to unravel the mystery. What Kennedy accomplishes is told by his friend Jameson, a newspaper man. Enraged at the determined effort which Elaine and Craig Kennedy are making to put an end to his mined effort which Ellaine and Craig Kennedy are making to put an end to his crimes, the Clutching Hand, as this strange criminal is known, resorts to all sorts of the most diabolical schemes to put them out of the way. Each chapter of the story tells of a new plot against their lives and of the way the great detective uses all his skill to save this pretty girl and himself from death.

TWELFTH EPISODE

THE BLOOD CRYSTALS.

"On your right is the residence of Miss Elaine Dodge, who is pursuing the famous master criminal known as the Clutching Hand."

The barker had been grandiloquently pointing out the residences of noted New Yorkers as the big sight-seeing car lumbered along through the streets.

No one had paid any attention to the unobtrusive Chinaman who sat inconspicuously in the middle of the car. He was Mr. Wong Long Sin, but no one saw anything particularly mysterious about an Oriental visitor, more or less, viewing New York city.

Wong was of the mandarin type, with long, drooping mustache, well dressed in American clothes, and conforming to the new customs of an Occidentalized China.

Anyone, however, who had been watching Long Sin would have seen that he showed much interest whenever any of the wealthy residents of the city were mentioned. The name of Elaine Dodge seemed particularly to strike him. He listened with subtle interest to what the barker said and looked keenly at the Dodge house.

The sight-seeing car had passed the house, when he rose slowly and motioned that he wanted to be let off. The car stopped, he alighted and slowly rambled away, evidently marveling greatly at the strange customs of these uncouth Westerners.

Elaine was going out when she met Perry Bennett almost on the steps of

"I've brought you the watch," remarked Bennett. "Thought I'd like to give it to you myself."

himself had bought a couple of days putty blower and as long. before for her birthday. He had called for it himself at the jeweler's, where it had now been regulated.

"Oh, thank you," exclaimed Elaine. "Won't you come in?"

They had scarcely greeted each other when Long Sin strolled along, Neither of them, however, had time to notice the quiet Chinaman who passed the house, looking at Elaine sharply out of the corner of his eye. They entered and Wong disappeared down the

"Ish't it a beauty?" cried Elaine, holding it out from her as they entered the library, and examining it with great appreciation. "And, oh, do you know, the strangest thing happened yesterday! Sometimes Mr. Kennedy acts too queerly for anything."

She related how Craig had burst in on her and Aunt Josephine and had almost torn the other watch off her

"Another watch?" repeated Bennett, amazed. "It must have been a mistake. Kennedy is crazy."

"I don't understand it, myself," murmured Elaine.

Long Sin was revolving some dark and devious plan beneath his impassive Oriental countenance. He was no ordinary personage. In fact, he was astute enough to have no record. He left that to his tools.

This remarkable criminal had established himself in a hired apartment down town.

Long Sin, now in rich Oriental costume, was reclining on a divan smoking a strange-looking pipe and playing with two pet white rats. Each white rat had a gold band around his leg, to which was connected a gold chain about a foot in length, and the chains ended in rings which were slipped over Wong's little fingers. Ordinarily he carried the pets up the capacious sleeve of each arm.

A little Chinese girl, also in native costume, entered and bowed deferen-

"A Miss Mary Carson," she lisped in

Sin, with a smile of subtle satisfaction, left the room, returning with a handsome, very well-dressed white woman.

It would be difficult to analyze just what the fascination was that Long as the servant left the room, Mary

After a moment he slowly rose and took from a drawer a newspaper clipping. Without a word he handed it to sen." she greeted her visitor.

Mary. She looked at it with interest. as one woman always does at the pica newspaper cut of Elaine, under ion. which was:

"ELAINE DODGE, THE HEIR-ESS, WHOSE BATTLE WITH THE CLUTCHING HAND IS CRE-ATING WORLD-WIDE INTER-

"Now," he began at last, breaking the silence, "I'll show you just what I want you to do."

He went over to the wall and took down a curious long Chinese knife from a scabbard which hung there conspicuously.

"See that?" he added, holding it up. Before she could say a word he had plunged the knife, apparently, into his own breast.

"Oh!" cried Mary, startled. She expected to see him fall. But

nothing happened. Wong laughed. It was an oriental trick knife, in which the blade telescoped into the handle. "Look at it," he added, handing it to her.

Long Sin took a bladder of water from a table near by and concealed it under his coat. "Now, you stab me," he directed.

Mary hesitated. But he repeated the command and she plunged the knife gingerly at him. It telescoped. He made her try it over, and she stabbed him more resolutely. The water from the bladder poured out.

"Good!" cried Long Sin, much pleased. "Now," he added, seating himself beside her, "I want you to lure Elaine here."

I had been amusing myself by rigging up a contrivance by which I could make it possible to see through, or, rather, over, a door.

Kennedy, who had been busy at the other end of the laboratory, happened to look over in my direction. "What's the big idea, Walter?" he asked.

It was, I admit, a rather cumbersome and clumsy affair. "Well, you see, Craig," I explained,

"you put the top mirror through the transom of a door and-" Kennedy interrupted with a hearty

burst of laughter. "But suppose the door has no transom?" he asked, pointing to his own door. I scratched my head thoughtfully. I

had assumed that the door would have a transom. A moment later Craig went to the cabinet and drew He displayed the watch which he out a tube about as big around as a

"Now, here's what I call my detectascope," he remarked. "None of your mirrors for me."

"I know," I said somewhat nettled, but what can you see through that



Elaine Took Out the Package of Bills. putty blower? A keyhole is just as

"Do you realize how little you can really see through a keyhole?" he re-

plied confidently. "Try it over there." I did, and, to tell the truth, I could see merely a little part of the hall. Then Kennedy inserted the detecta-

scope "Look through that," he directed. I put my eye to the eye piece and gazed through the bulging lens of the other end. I could see almost the whole hall.

Elaine was playing with Rusty when Jennings brought in a card on which was engraved the name, "Miss Mary Sin exercised over Mary Carson. But | Carson," and underneath in pencil was written "Belgian Relief Committee."

> "How interesting," commented Elaine, rising and accompanying Jennings into the drawing room. "I won-

der what she wants?" "Very pleased to greet you, Miss Car-

"You see, Miss Dodge," began Mary, room. There Mary looked at the mo-We're getting up this movement to help the Belgians and we have splendid backing. Just let me show you some of the names on our commit-

"I've just been sent to see if I cannot persuade you to join the committee and attend a meeting at Mrs. Riverton's," she went on.

all right with such people in it." "Can you go down with me now?"

"Just as well as later," agreed Elaine.

at Elaine, then fixedly at her compan-No sooner had they gone than he

issary of the Clutching Hand. "Chief," he whispered eagerly, "you

know Adventurous Mary? Well, she's got Elaine Dodge in tow!"

"The deuce!" cried Clutching Hand. "Then we must teach Mary Carson, or whoever she is working for, a lesson. No one shall interfere with our affairs. Follow them!"

Elaine and Mary had gone downtown, talking animatedly-walking down the avenue toward Mrs. Rivington's apartment.

Meanwhile, Wong Sin, still in his Chinese costume, was explaining to another male servant just what he wished done, pointing out the dagger on the wall and placing the bladder under his jacket. A box of opium was on the table, and he was giving most explicit directions. It was into such a web that Elaine was being unwittinly led by Mary. Entering the hallway of the apart-

it was gone into the back room. Elaine gazed about it in trepdiation.

ton's apartment. How stupid of me.' They looked at each other a moment. Then each laughed nervously, as together they started to go out of

the door. It was locked! Quickly they ran to another door. It was locked also.

Just then the Chinaman entered and stood a moment gazing at them. They turned and Elaine recoiled from him. Wong bowed.

"Oh, sir," cried Mary, "we've made a mistake. Can't you tell us how to get out?"

ing out again from the room and closing the door. Elaine and Mary looked about in

despair.

Mary said nothing, but with a hasty her about. She took it from its scabturned with a tray on which were queer drinks and glasses.

At the sight of Mary with the knife he scowled blackly, laid down the tray, and took a few steps in her direction. She brandished the knife threateningly; then, as if her nerve failed her, fainted, letting the knife fall carefully on the floor so that it submit.

blade. Wong quickly caught her as she fainted and carrying her out of the room, banged shut the door. Elaine followed in a moment, loyally to protect her supposed friend, but found that the door had a snap lock on the

She looked about wildly, and in a moment Wong reappeared. As he advanced slowly and insinuatingly, she drew back, pleading. But her words fell on seemingly deaf ears.

She had picked up the knife which Mary had dropped, and when at last Wong maneuvered to get her cornered and was about to seize her, she nerved herself up and stabbed at him reso-

As he did so, he pressed the bladder which he had already placed under his coat. A dark red fluid, like blood, oozed out all over him and

had happened even to scream, dropped not move. She rose quickly and ran through the now open door. As she did so, Wong seemed suddenly to come to life. He raised himself and looked after her, then with a subtle smile sank back into his former assumed posture on the floor.

When Elaine reached the other room she found Mary there with the Chinese servant who was giving her a glass of water. At the sight of her, the servant paused, then withdrew into another room farther back. Mary, opened it. There stood Elaine Dodge. now apparently recovering from her

faintness, smiled wanly at Elaine. "It's all right," she murmured. "He is a Chinese prince who thought we out, "Craig-I-I am-a murderess!" were callers."

ward the front room, Elaine was over- it.

"What?" cried Mary, starting up and, time was not known to any of us. trembling violently. "You killed him-"

me-had the knife-I struck at him.-" The two girls ran into the other | blood."

Elaine noticed some spots on her hands, and, seeing that they were stained by the blood of Long Sin, wiped the spots off on her handkerchief, dropping it to the floor.

"Ugh!" exclaimed a guttural voice behind them.

It was the servant who had come "You-kill him-with knife?" insin-

uated the Chinese. Elaine was dumb. The servant did not wait for an answer, but hastily

opened the hall door. To Elaine it seemed that something must be done quickly. A moment and all the house would be in uproar.

Instead, he placed his finger on his lips. "Quick-no word." he said, leading the way to the hall door, "and-oh, you must not leave that-it will be a clue," he added, picking up the bloody handkerchief and pressing it into Elaine's hand.

They quickly ran out into the hall. "Go-quick!" he urged again, "and hide the handkerchief in the bag. Let

no one see it!" He shut the door. As they hurried ly. away Elaine breathed a sigh of relief. They had reached the street. Afraid to run, they hurried as fast as they could until they turned the first cor-

They pressed each other's hands and parted.

Meanwhile in the front room Long Sin was on his feet again, brushing himself off and mopping up the blood. "It worked very well, Sam," he said

to the servant. They were conversing eagerly and laughing and did not hear a noise in the back room.

A sinister figure had made its way some pretext. by means of a fire escape to a rear

She opened the bag and displayed the blood-spotted handkerchief. He

took it and examined it carefully. "Elaine," he said earnestly, not at all displeased I could see, that something had come up that might blot out the past unfortunate misunderstanding, "there simply must be something wrong here. Leave this handkerchief with me. I'll do my best."

"Thank you," she said simply as she left the laboratory.

Craig went to work abruptly without a word. On the laboratory table he placed his

splendid microscope and several cases of slides, as well as innumerable micro-photographs. He had been working for some time when he looked up.

"It is dog's blood-not human blood." he said simply, "but what's the game back of all this-that's the main question now."

It was not much later that Elaine received a second visit from Mary. "Do you know why the servant allowed us to leave the apartment?" whispered Mary with a glance about fearfully, as if the walls had ears.

"No-why?" inquired Elaine anxious-

"He's a tong man who has been chosen to do away with the prince. He followed me, and says you have done his work for him. If you will give him ten thousand dollars for expenses he will attend to hiding the body."

Here, at least, was a way out. "It is the safest way out of the trouble. Yes, I'll do it. I'll stop at the bank now and get the money."

They rose and Mary preceded her, eager to get away from the house. At the door, however, Elaine asked her to wait while she ran back on

Our telephone rang in the middle



Elaine, Too Horror-Stricken Even to Scream, Dropped the Knife and Bent

lently he had stolen in on them. They turned at a slight noise and glance discovered on the wall the saw him. Genuine fright was now on knife which Wong had already told their faces as they looked at him,

open mouthed. "What's all this?" he growled. "I am known as the Clutching Hand. I allow no interference with my affairs. Tell me what you are doing here with

Elaine Dodge." Their beady almond eyes flashed fear. The Clutching Hand moved menacingly. There was nothing for the astute Wong Long Sin to do but to

With a low bow, Wong spread out his hands in surrender and submission. "I will tell you, honorable sir," he said at length.

"Go on!" growled the criminal. happened from the moment the idea of blackmail entered his head.

"How about Mary Carson?" asked Clutching Hand. "I saw her here." Wong gave a glance of almost su perstitious dread at the man. "She will be back-is here now," he

and admitting her. Adventuress Mary had hurried back to see that all was right. This time Mary was genuinely scared at the forbidding figure of which she had heard.

"It is all right," pacified Wong. "Henceforth we work with the hon-

orable Clutching Hand." At home at last, Elaine sank down into a deep library chair and stared straight ahead. She saw visions of arrest and trial, of the terrible elec- about, Kennedy came to Room 509, tric chair with herself in it, bound, the knife and bent over him. He did and of the giving of the fatal signal

for turning on the current. Were such things as these going to happen to her, without Kennedy's buried her face in her hands and wept.

clothes. She rose and almost fled from the house. Kennedy and I were still in the la boratory when a knock sounded at the door. I went to the door and

It was a complete surprise to Craig. "What is the matter?" he asked. She hesitated, then suddenly burst I had never before seen such a look

Then she poured forth the story substantially as I have set it down, but without the explanation, which at that

"Oh." expostulated Craig, there must be some mistake. It's impossible-imcoming!" "No," she asserted. "Look-here's

of the Coste went temporarily out of tals, and Kennedy himself answered it. It was Elaine asking Craig's ad-

"They have offered to hush the thing up for ten thousand dollars," she said in a muffled voice. She seemed bent on doing it, and no

tals as better than what her own eyes told her she had seen and done. "Then wait for half an hour," he answered, without arguing further. You can do that without exciting

hotel and hand her over the money." "All right-I'll do it," she agreed. "What is the hotel?" Craig wrote on a slip of paper what

Coste." Hastily he threw on his street coat.

"Go into the back room and get me a brace and bit, Walter,' he said. I did so. When I returned I saw that he had placed the detectascope

"Come on-hurry!" he urged. We must have made record time in getting to the La Coste. It was an ornate place, where merely to breathe was expensive. We entered, and by some excuse Kennedy contrived to get past the vigilant bell-hops. We passed the telephone switchboard and entered the elevator, getting off at

With a hasty glance up and down the corridor, to make sure no one was then passed to the next room, 511,

Quickly Craig went to the door which led to the next room. It was, of course, locked also. He listened a help? Why had they quarreled? She moment carefully. Not a sound. Quickly, with an exclamation of satisfac-Then she could stand it no longer. tion, he opened that door also and She had not taken off her street

This room was much like that in which we had already been. He opened the hall door.

"Watch here, Walter," he directed. "Let me know at the slightest alarm." Craig had already taken the brace and bit from the bag and started to bore through the wall in Room 511, selecting a spot behind a picture of a Spanish dancer-a spot directly back of her snapping black eyes. He finon Craig's face as suddenly came over | ished quickly and inserted the detectascope so that the lens fitted as an eye in the picture. The eye-piece was in room 511. Then he started to brush up the pieces of plaster on the floor.

heard an elevator door, "someone's

Across the hall, although we did not know it at the time, in room 549, already Wong Sin had taken up his station, just to be handy. There he had been with his servant, playing with his two trained white rats. Wong placed them up his capacious

sleeves and carefully opened the door to look out. Unfortunately he was just in time to see the door of 509 open and disclose us.

We hurried into 511 and shut the door. Kennedy mounted a chair and ap-

plied his eye to the detectascope. Just then Mary and Elaine entered the next room, Mary opening the door with a regular key. "Won't you step in?" she asked. Elaine did so and Mary hesitated in the hall. Wong Sin had slipped

out on noiseless feet and taken ref-

uge behind some curtains. As he saw her alone, he beckoned to Mary. "There's a stranger in the next room," he whispered. "I don't like him. Take the money and as quickly as possible get out and go to my

apartment." At the news that there was a suspicious stranger about Mary showed great alarm. Everything was so rapid now that the slightest hesitation meant disaster. Perhaps by quickness even a suspicious stranger could be fooled, she reasoned. At any rate, Wong Sin was resourceful. She had better trust him.

Mary followed Elaine into the room, where she had seated herself already, and locked the door.

"Have you the money there?" she asked. "Yes," nodded Elaine, taking out

the package of bills which she had got from the bank during the half-hour All this we could see by gazing alternately through the detectascope.

Mary counted it slowly. At last she looked up. "It's all right," she said. "Now, I'll take this to that tong leader. He's in

Elaine handed Mary the money.

a room only just across the hall." She went out. Mary had just succeeded in getting on the elevator as Kennedy hurried down the hall. The door was closed and the car descended. He rang the push bell furiously, but there was no answer.

He dashed back to the room with us and jerked the telephone receiver. "Hello-hello-hello!" he called. There seemed to be no way to get

a connection. What was the mat-He hurried down the hall again. Down in the hotel lobby, with his follower, the Chinaman paused before the telephone switchboard, where two

girls were at work. "You may go," ordered Wong, and, as his man left, he moved over close to the switchboard.

Wong slipped the rings off his little fingers and loosened the white rats on the telephone switchboard itself. With a shrick the telephone system

Just as a call from 509 flashed up,

business. Kennedy had succeeded in finding the alcove of the floor clerk in charge of the fifth floor. There on his desk was an instrument having a stylus on the end of two arms, connected to a system of magnets. It was a telauto-

graph. Unceremoniously Craig pushed the clerk out of his seat and sat down himself. It was a last chance, now that the telephone was out of commission.

Downstairs in the hotel office, where

the excitement had not spread to ev-

ery one, was the other end of the electric long-distance writer. It started to write, as Kennedy wrote, upstairs:

"House Detective-quick-hold woman with blue chatelaine bag, getting out of elevator." The clerks downstairs saw it and

shouted above the din of the rat-bait-

"McCann-McCann!" The clerk had torn off the message from the telautograph register and handed it to the house man, who pushed his way to the desk.

Quickly the detective called to the

bell-hops. Together they hurried af-

ter the well-dressed woman who had just swept out of the elevator. Mary had already passed through the excited lobby and out, and was about to cross the street-safe. McCann and the bell-hops were now

in full cry after her. Flight was use-

less. She took refuge in indignation and threats. But McCann was opdurate. She passed quickly to tears and pleadings. It had no effect. They insisted on leading her back. The game was up. "Here," cried Kennedy, "take her up

in the elevator. I'll prove the case."

"Now-not a word of who she is in the papers, McCann," Kennedy concluded, referring to Elaine. "You know, it wouldn't sound well for the La Coste. As for that woman-well, I've got the money back. You can take her off-make the charge."

As the house man left with Mary I handed Craig his bag. We moved toward the door, and as we stood there a moment with Elaine, he quietly handed over to her the big roll of money. If he had been less of a scientist, he

her face, but, with a nod to me, he turned and went. As she looked first at him, then at the paltry ten thousand in her hand, Elaine stamped her little foot in vex-

might have understood the look on

"I'm giad I didn't say anything more," she cried. "No-no-he shall beg my pardon first-there!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

soft English. "Let the lady enter," waved Long The girl bowed again and silently

bowed almost as deferentially as the little Chinese girl. Wong merely nodded in reply.

tionless body on the floor and recoiled, horrified.

She handed Elaine a list.

"Why-er," considered Elaine, in. thoughtfully, "er-yes. It must be

They went out together, and as they were leaving the house a man who had been loitering outside looked

sped off to a car waiting around the corner. In the dark depths was a sinister figure, the master criminal himself. The watcher had been an em-

ment, Mary rang the bell. The servant opened the door and Elaine and Mary entered. He closed the door and almost before they knew

But before she could say anything, Mary, with a great show of surprise. exclaimed. "Why, I must have made a mistake. This isn't Mrs. Riving-

"No speke Englis," he said, glid-

"What shall we do?" asked Elaine. bard. As she did so the Chinaman re-

struck on the handle, and not on the

other side.

Wong staggered back-and fell.

ran in a pool on the floor. Elaine, too horror-stricken at what

At the reassuring nod of Mary to-"I-I killed him!" she managed to

"Yes," sobbed Elaine. "He came at possible."

window that was not barred, and si- of our conversation on blood crys-

amount of argument from him could stop her. She simply refused to accept the evidence of the blood crys-

suspicion. Then go with her to her

Quickly Wong rehearsed what had she told him-"Room 509, Hotel La

and some stuff in a bag. He shoved added, opening the door at a knock in the brace and bit also.

> the fifth floor. opening the door with a skeleton key.

went into 509.

"Craig." I whispered hastily as I

He hurried to the door and looked. There they are," he said, as he saw my handkerchief all spotted with Elaine and Mary rounding the corner of the hall,